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THOS. J. ADAMS PROPRIETOR.

EDGEFIELD, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1900.

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## TWILIGHT.

Above the hills the sunset lies  
The purple and the blue  
The stars come out, the vales are dark;  
And, spark by spark,  
A crimson gleam, the fireflies  
Spill mimic stars about the park.  
Stars burn above,  
Lights gleam below;  
Like thoughts of love  
They come and go.  
So, oh, my heart,  
The thought of thee  
Lights each dark part  
Of life for me.  
—Madison Caveto, in Saturday Evening Post.

## HOW MARTHA ANN KEPT THE SABBATH.

BY ELIA VAN HEERKEN.

Silas Higgins stretched his weary limbs under Martha Ann's 200-piece quilt—the quilt which Martha Ann's grandmother had worked with her own hands and which brought her fame and fortune at the county fair nearly 50 years before; the fame consisted in the verdict of her neighbors that she was "a pesky smart woman," and the fortune in a new five-dollar gold piece.

But 50 years of constant exhibition and subsequent use had brought the high and mighty counterpane down to an every-day sort of quilt, and now Silas would have covered his sleepy head with the same, and stolen 40 winks more, but there was work in the west lot, chores about the house, and outside of all that Martha Ann's shrill voice was calling from the bottom of the back stairs that it was "time he was stirring." The west lot and chores shrunk into insignificance alongside of Martha Ann's voice.

"You'll find your store clothes in the company room, and your billed shirt and clean socks in the press," this from the invisible Martha.

"Going to have company today? There's a heap of work over in the west lot that I somehow ought to get to," answered Silas from the head of the stairs.

Martha Ann's eyes opened wide with astonishment. For the first time in their married life Silas Higgins proposed working on a Sunday, but "he shouldn't do it, no, he shouldn't do it if she could prevent it, and it was really likely she could."

Martha Ann's voice was awful in its solemnity. "The Lord will send down His wrath upon you and your children unto the third and fourth generation." As there were no heirs to misfortune or otherwise, this was a dire threat. "You'll be a byword among your neighbors, working on the holy Sabbath."

She was now the visible Martha, for mounting the stairs she stood in the bedroom door, in one hand a fork, in the other a dish towel, while righteous indignation showed forth in every gesture. Silas bent a hasty retreat by putting his head into a bowl of water.

"Splash, splash!" "Reckon I must have slept kinder hard, Martha Ann," splash, splash, "last all count on the days and thought it was a Saturday," splash, splash.

Martha Ann retreated somewhat mollified, but on the fourth step she turned back to announce that the "bacon was done to a turn and the coffee biled."

All during breakfast Silas was very quiet.

"It do beat all how a man can get so turned 'round," he said. "Reckon we'll have to buy one of them new fangled calendars over at Hick's store."

"You need of them sort of things round here, Silas Higgins. All the calendar that's wanted is the work done regular like. 'Pears you've got no faith in my reckoning."

Silas had all faith imaginable, and basted to inform her of the fact, while he offered his best team to go to meeting.

"The jargon's laid up with rheumatism," replied Martha. "I saw the doctor driving over yonder yesterday, and he reckoned the parson wouldn't get to preach in a fortnight. There comes Pete now; wonder what's biled him over here!"

By this time Pete had opened the kitchen door on a crack, thrusting his frowsy head, and presently his whole body into the narrow space.

"I say!" he began, at the same time describing a circle with his bare toes on the floor. "No, pa says will yer loan him a 'am; there is a heap of hay wants hauling, and he celeritates on some rain 'fore 'fog."

"Law sakes!" said Martha Ann, before Silas could speak; "what's happened to the men folks? Guess your don't know of such doings! Yer go straight home and tell yer pa we'll not lend a hand to such wickedness and evil ways. He's cut his wisdom teeth, I reckon, a good time past, and ought to be knowing better. Now you can give him that message straight."

Pete stayed only long enough to take a good stare at Mrs. Higgins, then lost no time in leaving her august presence. A few handsprings and a couple of somersaults brought him rapidly to his destination. Yet he was not long in stirring up the family wrath by delivering his message in a decidedly graphic and efficient manner. The little Browns declared they'd "get even," and getting even with the Browns meant a surplus on his side.

Meanwhile, in happy ignorance of what the future held in store, Silas sat contentedly smoking his pipe on the front porch. After the dishes had been washed and put in their place, Martha Ann joined him, bringing her Bible. To be sure, she was no great hand to read, particularly aloud, for Silas corrected her pronunciation, and if Martha Ann had any weakness it was to be at all times and in all places right; but today, realizing that there was much evil influence abroad, she felt it incumbent upon her to read some good, wholesome truths to Silas, and try to keep him in the narrow path.

She had just finished the ten commandments, laying particular stress on keeping the Sabbath day holy, when a carryall came lumbering along the road, filled to overflowing with the youth and beauty from the village. They were so happy among themselves, singing the popular airs with such zest, that they passed the two on the porch unnoticed.

"Some folks thinks the Lord's laid up with the rheumatism," Martha groaned, "along with the parson; but they'll find themselves mistook. It's no decent folks that'll be having their acquaintance. I've lived high on to 20 years 'bout these parts, and I never seed such goings on."

Martha Ann took good pains to wait for their return, and planted herself by the gate. As they neared the house Josh Blinky reined in his horses.

"Afternoon, Mrs. Higgins; nice weather, only the dust is smothering," Martha held herself rigid, not a muscle moved, while Josh, in a dilemma at her strange behavior, hid his confusion under a pretense of seeking the dies of old Charley's back. There was a giggle from the back seat which proved too much for Martha Ann.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," was all she said, but she turned her back on the wayward sinners, and marched straight up the path and into the house, leaving Josh to whip up his horses and drive on.

"I'm awfully sorry for Silas," said the offending giggle; "it do seem that Martha Ann Higgins gets more cranky every day."

Mrs. Silas Higgins was noted for miles round for having the snowiest linen on the line. "Give it a good sunning," she said, "get your wash out early, and don't be in a hurry fetching it in." So on the following morning, true to her principles, she was up betimes, got her breakfast out of the house, sending Silas off half an hour earlier than usual, then getting the tubs out on the back porch, set to work.

It was with great satisfaction that she viewed her snowy sheets as they swayed back and forth in the soft summer breeze, and thought within herself that Mrs. Brown wouldn't yet be through her breakfast dishes.

She had nearly finished starching Silas' shirt when a sudden sound made her drop the starch on the ground. "For the land's sake! there goes the meeting house bell; what's up now, I wonder? I've a good mind to run over to Deacon White's and see if they know." But a look at the work still on hand determined her to remain at home, and she went on deftly pinning the shirts seam to seam and the towels lapping.

At dinner she questioned Silas as to the bells, but he hadn't heard them, and guessed she was dreaming; still to satisfy her he'd drive down to the village and inquire.

"You might fetch up that barrel of flour from the station as you come back, and just leave this bundle at Widow Jones'." So Silas harnessed Bobbin to the cart, and taking from the top peg in the hall his old straw hat, he started on his errand.

As Martha Ann was passing a window in the hall on her way upstairs to "tidy up a bit," she was startled by the strange appearance of her wash, and, hurrying down, was still more surprised, for in the place of her linen hung great squares of white paper bearing this inscription: "Keep the Sabbath Day Holy."

"Humph!" she ejaculated, "some people are small." And tearing down the offending placards she replaced the clothes which had been thrown in a heap to one side. If she had looked close, she would have found a fresh gap in the hedge which divided the Browns' farm from theirs.

"I've had more scares than enough today," she thought as she sat down to her darning. "Whatever makes the folks stop at our gate and stare, I don't know. Lord deliver me from company on a Monday."

Just then there came a knock at the front door, and Martha Ann's heart failed; still she could rise to any occasion, and she did so now, letting her visitor in none too graciously.

It was Deacon White, dressed in his meeting clothes and carrying his Bible under his arm. Putting his silk hat under the chair, he sat down by Martha's side.

"I reckon you'll not mind if I go on with my work," said Martha Ann, breaking off the cotton with her teeth; "there's a heap to do somehow today, and a big wash. Your folks through?"

"Sister Higgins," answered the deacon, and his voice was almost pathetic, "let us pray!" and down went the good man on his knees, first spreading his bandana handkerchief on the floor.

Possibly Martha Ann's spirit rebelled against putting down the unfinished darn, but she followed the deacon's lead, vigorously emphasizing her "Amen's" as he prayed for those who broke the sanctity of the Sabbath.

As they rose from their knees the deacon took her hand.

"Sister Higgins, you've been reckoned one of the elect round here since you experienced change of heart, and I'm powerful glad that you feel you're a sinner."

Martha Ann stepped back and stared at her visitor in amazement.

"I calculate on doing my duty, deacon; there's some mighty black sheep in the fold that need looking after more than me."

The deacon shook his head sadly. Here was a flagrant case, needing all his eloquence to bring the erring sinner home.

"I'll not say but you're a good wife and keep Silas Higgins' home in order; but, sister, it would be better to put off your work till another day, and not do washing on a Sabbath, neglecting the meeting and setting a bad example to—"

"The Sabbath!" interrupted Martha Ann. "This ain't no Sabbath! Didn't I wash on a Monday last week? Lend me, deacon, I didn't! I washed a Saturday, thinking Sarah Briggs would be over. She didn't come, so I went on regular like; and so this is the holy Sabbath, and me profaning it like that!"

And "down she went all in a heap," as the deacon expressed it, afterward.

Just then Silas came up the road; his hat pushed down over his eyes, there was no barrel in his cart, and the bundle for Widow Jones still lay beside him on the seat. As he came up the path he halted in front of the washing which hung dazzlingly white before his eyes. Yes, anyone could see that wash a mile off, a fact of which he was wont to be very proud, but today he wished it was black; not green, any color but white. He put out his hands to remove the offending sheets, but habit was strong, and gleefully, and hastily at the house, he replaced the clothespins and walked out.

Martha Ann never looked up as he came in, but sat still with her head between her hands. For the first time in many years Silas felt himself growing bigger, more self-assured, dignified. It was an awful temptation to tell Martha Ann that it was all her fault, and that she was the one who had made him turn a Saturday into a Sunday, and a Sunday into a Monday, but he didn't. He only walked over to where she sat and stooping down, kissed her, while the deacon slipped out the back door.

There now hangs in the Higgins' parlor, right where the light falls well on it, a highly decorated but very useful calendar.—Good House-keeping.

**JEWELRY OF POLISHED WOOD.**  
Nearly \$300,000 Worth of it Sold at the World's Fair.

The polishing works of this city are now engaged on the stupendous job of getting out \$1,000,000 worth of polished chalcidony, or petrified wood, to be taken to the Paris exposition. This petrified wood is hauled from its native haunts in Arizona, a distance of sixty-five miles, to a railroad and then shipped to this city to be cut and polished, this being the only place in the world having such facilities for treating the petrification, which is seven-tenths as hard as diamond. It is shipped here in great logs and stumps, weighing many tons each, just as they have laid for many ages during the process required by nature to turn the wood into beautiful and variegated colors of stone. The process of sawing the stone up in shape for polishing is most tedious, the huge machinery used for the purpose being able to saw only from an inch to three inches a day into it. After being cut and polished the stone is worked up into every conceivable shape, from cuff-buttons to tops of centre tables, and great columns which, cost a small fortune. All kinds of jewelry are made from it as well as trinkets and handsome articles suitable for souvenirs.

One of the chief attractions at the World's fair was the exhibit of chalcidony, which had been polished and prepared in this city. It is stated that during the fair sales of this stuff were more than \$30,000 a month.

The great exhibit which is to be made in Paris will be a wonderful advertisement for Sioux Falls, for the reason that nowhere else on earth is there machinery, mammoth, yet delicate enough to saw, polish and put into shape the variety of articles that are now on exhibition.—Sioux Falls Journal.

**QUAINT AND CURIOUS.**

An Oswego (N. Y.) man, Ephraim Latulip, is the latest one to claim that he has re-discovered the lost art of hardening copper. He says he can make it as tough as steel, and that it will hold and carry an edge as keen as a razor. His brother is the man who made a cannon of rawhide.

A fine specimen of Albino deer was shot by Oliver Whyte of Boston, while on a trip with three companions in the Schoodic region of lakes about one hundred miles from Bangor. The animal was almost entirely white, weighed about two hundred pounds and the antlers were the largest of any seen in that region by the local guides.

An industrious California woodpecker stored 1900 acorns in a section of tree measuring four feet in length and thirty-four inches in diameter. The tree grew in a vineyard in Oakville, Napa county, and each acorn fitted so neatly in the hole that the farmer who found them wondered whether the bird made the holes to fit the acorns or selected the latter to fit the holes.

Two churches possess trees growing within their walls. One is at Ross, the other at Kenpeay, in Worcester, England. The latter tree is well developed, and grows from the tomb of Sir Edmund Wilde, which stands on the left side of the chancel. Another strange growth is to be seen at Clymng, a small village in Cornwallshire. On the north side of the New Inn, the gatehouse attached to Plas-y-bryn, the summer home of a member of Parliament, a large tree grows, having no visible connection with the earth. It springs out of the wall above the kitchen door, its roots being firmly embedded in the building.

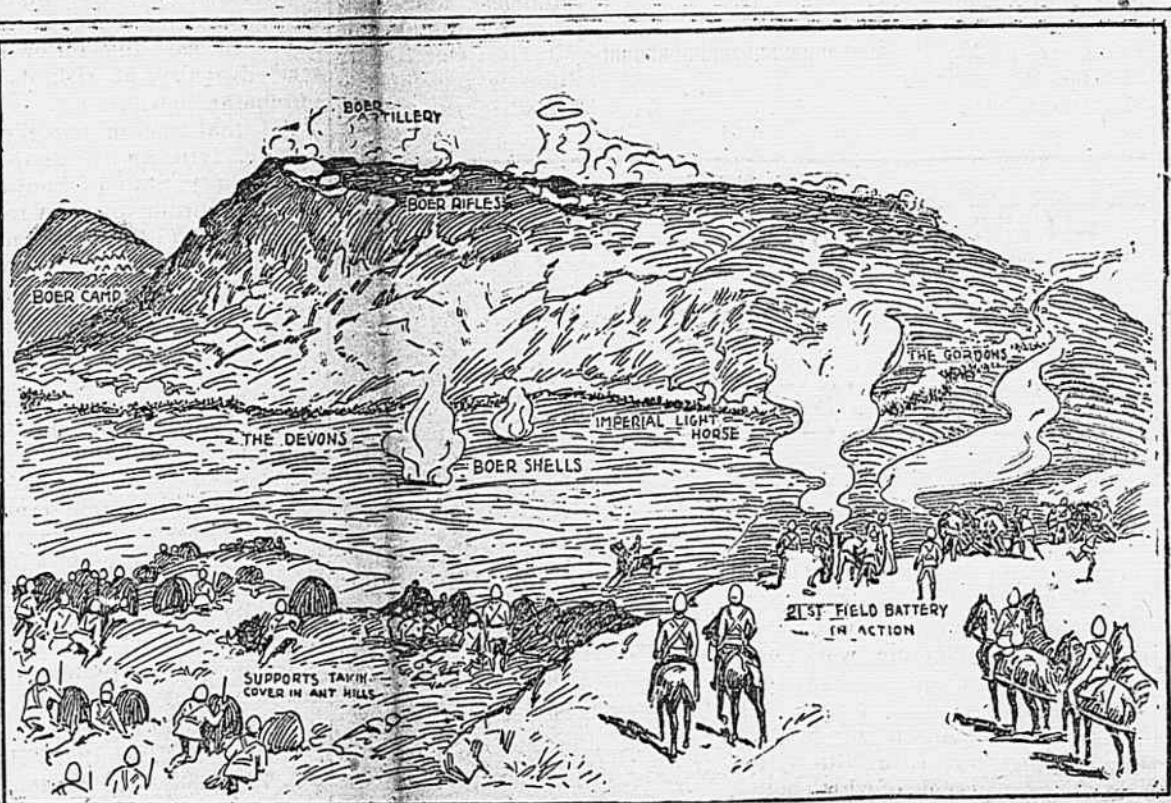
The native inhabitants of the Malay peninsula and several of the Indian tribes of our own country never permit their hair to be cut. The hair of chiefs of the Crow tribes grew to a length of ten feet. The men of the Latookas, one of the African tribes, never cut their hair, but allowing it to grow, weave it into most wonderful shapes. The thick, crisp wool is woven with fine twine made from the bark of a tree until it represents a network of felt. As the hair grows it is subjected to the same process and trained into the shape of a helmet. A rim about two inches deep is formed, and the front part of this hair helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper, while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about one foot in length, forms the crest. The helmet is then adorned with numerous varicolored beads.

## ELANDSLAAGTE, FIERCEST OF BOER-BRITISH BATTLES.

A Detailed Account of the Fight, Illustrated by Pictures Drawn on the Battlefield.

Cable dispatches have already given the general outline of the British fight with the Boers at Elandslaagte; but many interesting details still remain to be told. Rain began to fall heavily at 5.30 and at that hour it was so dark that General White decided that an immediate attack on the Boers' position was necessary. Intermittent shelling had been going on most of the day on both sides, some of our volunteer commands using rather antiquated muzzle loaders which had comparatively little effect. In the afternoon the regular artillery took the running and from that time on the position of the Boers became exceedingly difficult. As Colonel Schiel said after his capture: "You couldn't shoot for nuts in the morning, but you told us a different story in the afternoon."

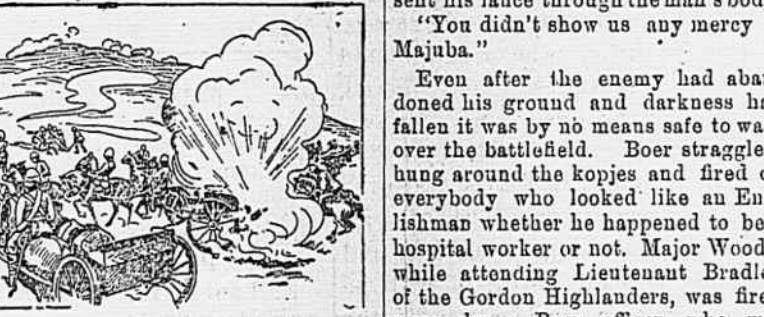
Everyone knows by this time how the hill was carried by the bayonets of the Gordons, how the Devons captured the enemy's machine guns and flags and how our cavalry reserve in the falling darkness took up the pursuit of the fleeing enemy. A party of lancers caught a number of fleeing Boers some three miles from the battle.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE.

The Boers held a very strong position along the top of the ridge on the left hand of which rises a conical hill. Here they had pitched their camp. Our infantry attack was magnificent. The Gordons sketched out in very open order on the left, the Imperial Light Horse were in the centre, and the Gordons on the right. The Gordons and the Light Horse gained the top of the ridge and drove the Boers back over the plateau to the western end of it, where their artillery was placed. It was during this part of the fight that the Gordons lost so many men. The battle ended with the complete rout of the Boers, who abandoned their guns.—Special Artist-Correspondent of the London Daily Graphic.

But in the afternoon we could see hundreds of Boers forming on the top of the spur, just above the spot where their main battery was planted. Our artillery was turned upon them and through field glasses we watched the awful effect of the fire. Two shells at least burst right among a mass of three or four hundred men and the result was afterward told by a wounded prisoner who was carried into Ladysmith.



AN INCIDENT OF THE ACTION AT ELANDSLAAGTE.

(A Boer shell burst under a line of the Twenty-first Field Battery, shattering it to atoms.)

by the ambulance train: "It was simply slaughter," he said, "it wasn't fighting." He had been wounded three times in as many seconds.

At 6 o'clock the movement which General White had planned for the purpose of turning the enemy's flank was effected from the wild fire of artillery we knew that they were in a difficult position. Then the main body of our army was fired upon by the Boers, and the sharp crack of the Lee-Netfords we could hear the eternal quacking of the Maxim's and the hammering of the field batteries. Then the leading British regiments began to converge upon the face of the Boer position, the Gordons from the top of the hill, the Manchester from the left and the Devons in front. Beside the Gordons charged the Troopers of the Imperial Light Horse who had left their mounts at the foot of the hill.

Trumpeter Sherlock, of the Fifth Lancers, is, however, more popular with the men than either French or Hamilton. He is not much more than fourteen years old, and, while he cannot carry a lance, he is allowed to have a revolver: with which he shot three Boers in the Elandslaagte fight. It is needless to say that he is the special idol of his regiment, the Fifth Lancers. It may interest people to know that Sherlock is literally a child of the regiment, having been born in the barracks of a garrison town where the Fifth Lancers, of which his father was a member, were doing duty. He was what is called in India "a line baby."



BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE—CHARGE OF "C" SQUADRON, FIFTH LANCERS.

In order to be in at the death. General French leading the Gordons, yelled: "Come along, boys; this is the hottest business I have ever been in," and his men responded to their leader's shout in a manner which showed they were determined to die. Close beside General French was Colonel Scott Chisholme, who was leading the Imperial Light Horse, a corps which under his care-

The Boer allegation that the Fifth (Bitch) Lancers massacred sixty buglers at Elandslaagte after they had thrown down their arms is receiving confirmation in private letters from the lancers themselves. One other writer in a letter published in the London Times says as follows: "After the enemy were driven out on our squadrons pursued and got right in among them in the twilight,

and most excellent pig-sticking ensued for about ten minutes, the bug being about sixty. One of our men stuck



A CRACK BOER BATTERY.

(These guns are manned by artillery experts from other armies, mainly German and French.)

his lance through two, killing both at one thrust. Had it not been getting dark we should have killed many more."

A dragoon corporal told a London Chronicle correspondent: "The Boers fell off their horses and rolled among the rocks, hiding their heads with their arms, calling for mercy, calling to be shot—anything

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